

done at this office at the Lowest Prices.

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**THE HOUSEKEEPER.**

Practical housekeepers throughout this county are requested to send in communications to the Editor of this paper.

To That Dear John who dares not ask for the desired information I will just say "Oh my, how I wish I had not referred to the good things that satisfy the stomach, I evidently should have known that you would be so generous when—as I before said man is but a piggy"—you know the rest for you read the column, of course you do.

I did not mean to be so presumptuous. I simply called on them to support their own, and I think it was wise.

do, for just see what a volley of information and queries it brought out. When I say I could hardly hold my face straight, I mean I was so embarrassed.

"Niece I do wish you would answer Rhoda's letter an teller that if I was only young again I'd find her out and tell her I was sorry. I think I shall get just the right side of the whole thing. I never did believe in duin things by halves."

I mention this simply to show how the fire will run when one is which is thrown, and also to encourage all who can to fall into line and send a note for the help of others.

We next turned to Mr. John for the purpose of giving him my receipt for an old fashioned pandowdy which I will proceed to give, but you will see how it will become familiar with an old proverb that says "You can't make the dear old farm house where your grandma and mine had their treasure in their cream pots," "Spare not the

on," which simply means when translated that it takes a good deal of cream to make it luscious, and luscious it is then then the cream is used.

Pate, quarter, and eat again, pleasant, sour, juicy apples. Line a deep dish with a rich cream crust, grinda under a six quart pan, but you know that and large families for many days. Put in a layer of apples then a crust just large enough to cover them, another layer of apples, another crust, and another layer of apples to cover the whole and plan it down in ridges, just as you do an apple pie, make air holes or steam escapes in every crust to keep the steam from getting out and a half but do not score the apples from the oven at least half an hour before eating and cover it with a thick cloth, thus giving the top a rich glow and a little steam to keep it from drying of sugar and cream. Hence "pare not the cream put on the pandows comes on."

RHODA.

I wish Singleseededness would keep his promise, that was an article every other monk.

I have a very nice receipt for a pork apple pie which any one can have by asking through the column.

I am a young housekeeper, but I wonder if some of the older ones know what to do about them. They can have in the winter by selling a few beans, when they are fresh and tender, and keeping them in that way for winter use. But it is not the season to gather them but it is the season they are relished, if ever, and I am going to contribute a little to the housekeeper by telling how I put them up.

Take them from the vines, have ready a jar or wooden firkin, put a layer of beans then a layer of coarse salt, a layer of beans and continue doing so till the jar is full. Then tie them down, they will shrink so you can put in more in a day or two. I do not break the beans or put water to them, none.

When you want them for use take out the water you want into a pan, pour boiling water over them and let them remain two nights and one day, changing the water morning and night, always letting it boil, they are then ready to prepare for use. It takes three or four hours to cook them after they are salted. I wish some of the readers would try it next summer.

The Golden Bunch beans to cook after being dried is nearly as nice as when picked from the vines.

"John Topham" again comes to the "housekeeper's department" to tell the ladies of a new wonder he has discovered. It is astonishing how much a man may learn he never dreamed of when he tries to keep house. This is what he has to say:

I presume some of your readers would like to know how to make

made a pandowdy. Well, I made a box of saleratus sitting on the pantry shelf side of the window and one warm day, with the help of a fire in the stove, melted the butter on the water and the water run along on the shelf under my saleratus box and soaked into the box and spoiled my saleratus although I did not stir it at the time.

One day I wanted to make biscuit. I mixed as usual and put them into the oven. Soon they were flat as the oven and stuck to the mallet and when done or ought to be there as soon as swell. I made another batch adding more saleratus and they were just as soon as I tried again, increased saleratus and they were just as soon as I again using two heaped teaspoonsful of saleratus, sour, sour. Then another batch with three teaspoonsful of saleratus, sour, sour again. Then I put in four heaped teaspoonsful of saleratus, sour as ever.

Then I says "my cream tartar is too strong."

and bought some cream tartar and added two batches more and they were sour. Back I went to the store and bought some cream tartar and this time it was good. As Mrs. E. who is as good a cook as there is in my neighborhood "except myself," said I must have wet my saleratus.

"I told her so," but afterwards I remembered I had. I tried again with my new saleratus and made good bread the first time. I was pleased with this batch of bread for I began to feel hungry. Besides, I had made what a difference it would be for the best cook in town to lose his "judgment" in cooking.

"Here I had eleven baker sheets full of "pandowdy" in my sink and did not know what to call them until the ABSENT-MINDED arrived and I read what a name said about her pandowdies being so nice to eat. I was so glad that I said that was the name mine "pandowdy" was.

"General Grant could not have had my

could have taken the rebel fortifications in fifteen minutes in my opinion! In making my pandowdies I used less than a barrel of flour and the cream of tartar.











